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as a proposition, as, "Resolved, that clauses should not be written as co-ordinate when they are not of equal importance." Each of the two sides may be assigned to two or more pupils, and the utility of the "rule" may be debated as practice in simple argumentation and as a means of fixing the sentence principle in the minds of the pupils. The subject is likely to prove of just as great genuine interest, and it is of just as immediate importance to us, as the question of Japanese immigration into California or the effect of the sale of patent medicines upon the Eskimos or similar far-away subjects common in inter-scholastic debates. Pupils may, too, be required to collect local illustrations—right and wrong—of words, forms, and constructions noticed in the textbook. Newspapers may be read with the intention of comparing their practice with that laid

down in the guidebook. If contradictions appear, who is wrong? Is it necessary for either to be wrong? Are there different bases of correctness? These and a dozen other important and interesting questions will naturally come out of projects of this kind. Schemes for self-criticism with the aid of a guidebook of composition will suggest themselves to an imaginative teacher. And if the handbook has no special apparatus for instruction in vocational or professional writing, its material may easily be related to the practice of writing business letters, telegrams, technical expositions, news stories and similar special forms of composition.

The greatest service a handbook can render is that of furnishing a definite body of directions to guide the movements of expression into good habits through exercise and practice.

THREE GHOSTS IN A STOVE

By HENRY McCUNE DARGAN

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ONE DISCOURAGING Monday afternoon, when I had just returned from the classroom with the chalk of battle still dry on my hands, I addressed the following remarks to my study-stove:

"Whenever I tear up eight or ten sheets of contemporary periodical literature and stuff the pieces down your throat, you do not look out of the window or play with your watch-charm. If I rip off a few quires from the broken-backed old classical dictionary thrown away in my woodbox and dump them on top of the contemporary literature, you do not interrupt me to ask whether a two-page theme is a theme of two pages. Then, if I apply even a very feeble sliver of the Promethean torch to your combustibles, you do not blow the flame out with a yawn or a laugh. Furthermore, if I use my head properly to keep you supplied with wood, your cheeks are soon suffused with a grateful glow, and. . . ."

I am not expert in riding unbroken metaphors, and this one was already beginning to buck; so I was relieved as well as surprised when the lid of the stove tilted up mysteriously, and an apparition, like the genii in the Arabian Nights bottle, took shape in the smoke. This figure was a sturdy, clumsy, imperious old fellow in eighteenth century costume, with a soiled waistcoat and an ill-fitting wig; after staring at me disagreeably for a moment or two, he cleared his throat to speak, and I at once recognized the phantasm of Doctor Samuel Johnson.

"Sir, you mistake the whole matter," he declared,

harshly. "A stove and a student must not be confounded; there can be no analogy between objects essentially dissimilar. The stove overpowers the dictionary; but it is your business, sir, to see that the dictionary takes possession of the student. You have no right to sit here, idly complimenting this piece of iron-mongery, when you are only too well aware that your scholars have not learned what you are paid to teach them. Words, sir, words are the crystalization of past wisdom and the instruments of further acquisition; and what do your pupils know about words? How many of them can construe correctly all the indispensable polysyllables? . . ."

At this juncture the doctor's voice, which had been distinct and resonant at first, weakened uncomfortably; and, as he continued to harangue me, I noticed that his portly frame dwindled. The longer his words, the fainter grew his tones and the shorter his stature, until he presently collapsed into nothingness—whispering as he went that "failure to instruct youth in the exact significancies of language is a labefaction of all pedagogical principle."

I have notions of my own about this topic, and was beginning to soliloquize upon it; when suddenly the stove-lid came up again and a second spirit appeared. So far as I could discover, this was the ghost of nobody in particular; merely a little girl about ten years old, with a soapy face, yellow pigtails, a quaint gingham frock, and an apron made—incongruously—out of an American flag. Standing on the stove as if it were a platform, she recited the following edifying verses:

"When I was very young, I learned
To read good books, and thus discerned
The rules of good and evil:
How Abel and Sir Galahad
Were good, but Cain was awful bad,
And Lancelot (of course it's sad)
Was finished by the devil.

"My teachers never plagued my mind
With knowledge of a harder kind
Until a wise professor
Declared that I must learn, as well,
To love my native land, and tell
Why other Lands are doomed to hell
Without an intercessor.

"So, while I grew in grace and years,
I studied, with abundant tears
(For tears improve tuition)
How Burke and Lincoln shaped, with awe,
The frame of Democratic law;
And thus I soon began to draw
Themes from the great tradition * * *

"Little girl," I interrupted, violently, "if Doctor Johnson was a pedant, he at least knew what he wanted to teach. Your instructors, so far as I can see, started out to make you a prude; they changed their minds, to make you a patriot; and all they have really done is to make you a prig. This scheme of using literature to 'stimulate interest' in doctrine—whatever the doctrine may be—is a long way from teaching literature for what it really is, and. . . ."

But the frightened little girl had disappeared, and I found myself confronted by a third ghost, who said absolutely nothing. He was a pallid though confident individual, dressed more or less like a well-to-do nondescript modern citizen, except for his bulging coat-pockets. One of these was crammed with folded manuscripts, monographs, and educational leaflets (I

thought I saw the HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL, too); and from the other pocket, while I was staring at him, he complacently produced a queer squirming mass which resolved itself, when he set it down near my feet, into four white mice with their tails tied together. When the mice started vainly to scurry away in four different directions, the point of a stubby pencil fastened at the intersection of their tails began to scratch zigzags on my floor; and I realized that I was privileged to witness the construction of a graph indicating the resultant of imperfectly-harmonized individual forces in a social group.

But as I have already implied, my patience was uncommonly thin that afternoon, and I did not follow the demonstration with all the respect due to my pallid colleague. Instead, I commented somewhat bitterly:

"Now, you have come, I presume, after the polysyllables and the patriotism, to tell me that they are both wrong, and to prove that the only right way of teaching is on the basis of knowledge of the pupils' natures furnished by experimental psychology. That is very fine, so far as it goes; but *what* am I to teach my human mice, after I've learned all about their temperamental motives for being contrary? Honestly, I can't think that you've carried me very much nearer a solution of the main problem; and unless I'm to go back to the dictionary. . . ."

But somehow nothing is ever brought to completion in an allegory or an educational conference. Just at that moment one of my students, who was in trouble with the punctuation of his "long theme," rapped at my door; and, as the third ghost melted into vacancy, I cried, "Come in!" and prepared for a heart-to-heart chat about semi-colons.

NEWS WRITING AS PRACTICE IN HIGH SCHOOLS

By LOUIS GRAVES
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A GREAT DEAL has been said and written about the difference between journalism and literature. Sometimes the style of a novelist or story-writer is referred to as journalistic, meaning that his creation is rather a recital of events, in their outward aspect, than a subtle interpretation such as one expects from a master such as Hawthorne or Hardy or James. In short, when it is used in this way the word journalistic carries the meaning of superficial.

Yet that need not be taken as a reproach. Much of the best literature deals with the surface of life and contains nothing to which anybody but a highly imaginative person could attach hidden and profound meanings.

That the plainest of men can understand what Dickens is talking about, does not keep the books of Dickens from being just as truly literature as those of James or Meredith. And there are always turning up, in the columns of daily newspapers, passages that discerning critics place in the class of literature.

If a deep thinker goes to the bottom of a study of journalism and literature, he may find evidences of their essential separateness one from the other, and his statement of differences may be quite convincing. But the truth probably is that, as far as the ordinary person can see, there are more similarities than dissimilarities. The safest and wisest way to look at it is that journalism